2:Iliff Y-5 (ca. 1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

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Framework of Havasupai sweat lodge, left foreground. Conical brush house, center, with brush-covered shelter where family activities are carried on

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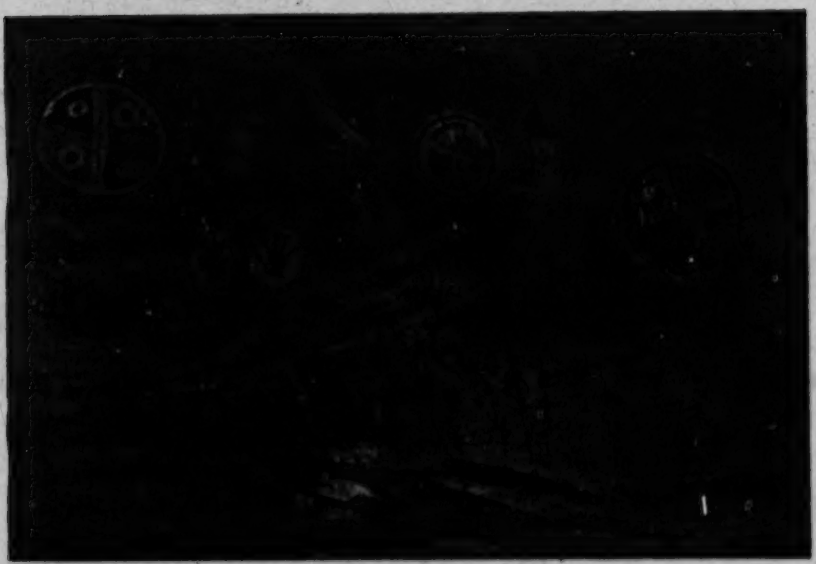

Havasupai signs and symbols painted on a rock surface by Those of Old. Their meaning has long since been lost

[p. 116 G]

2:Iliff Y-S (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

Desert weary, they tarried by the stream, reluctant to leave a spot that had everything they so much desired, but their gods had not yet spoken. Discouraged, they began the long climb up to the plateau and westward. A child cried. The procession halted and the child's voice was stilled. Each effort to resume the journey brought that cry of protest. The wise men quickly issued their edict: "The gods speak to us through the voice of the child; this is the home to which they have led us."

Joyously the people unpacked their loads and began building houses and making gardens.

Handed down through many generations, this old tale expresses the Indians' desire to lay in the laps of the gods every problem that affects their lives. On the canyon rim overlooking a wide section of the floor, they found the god-spirit in two gigantic pillars of stone. So they built their houses on either side of the stream of blue water where the gods could watch over them night and day.

The Indians' accounts of the god-spirit residing in the two stones turned our attention to the walls of the gorge. Miss Goenawein, the only old-timer employed at the school, had visited every point of interest within walking distance, so she acted as guide.

From the Indians she had learned of the Black Man. After Sunday school she took Frances and me to a side canyon where we gazed up at the shiny, black form of a giant stone man, lying prone as if he had dropped down and fallen asleep. We stood in the hot sun, trying to discover what force had caught and held the black mineral while the red sandstone built its layers around it. Doubtless the old men had a tale about this phenomenon, had we asked them. But in the discomfort of the intense heat and the sunlight striking our faces as we gazed upward, our interest in the Black Man quickly vanished. So we wandered over to examine some pictographs on a boulder, beautiful primitive art that could hold one entranced indefinitely.

The boulder stood in the center of the canyon; the base, worn away on one side, left a projecting ledge some four feet above the ground. Stooping low, we crawled under the ledge, straining for

2:Iliff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

a view of the ceiling. It had been polished smooth, then completely covered with pictures, doubtless the key to the tribe's history, the handwriting of Those of the Long Ago.

Several animals which we could not identify were artistically outlined; also done in outline was the buckskin-clad figure of an Indian. Two small right hands, evidently those of a child, had been placed palms down on the ceiling and outlined with white native paint. There were circles, divided into segments which contained symbols. We twisted our necks until they ached, tracing and studying, but the pictures were as meaningless to us as the written words of our language would have been to the people who placed them there. In various other parts of the canyon there were hieroglyphics in strategic places on stones or walls, some depicting the Great Serpent, which must have played an important part in tribal legends. The tribe's old men explained these paintings by saying that when the Apaches and other enemy tribes slipped in and drove the Havasupai out of the canyon, the Havasupai hastily placed them there as messages. These gave the direction the tribe was traveling and its destination for the guidance of those separated from the main body. That may have been true of some of the pictographs, but those on the under side of the boulder were the work of a painstaking artist, possibly created for a hunting shrine, where men offered prayers for success in the chase.

The sun had long since dropped below the rim and deep shadows filled the gorge. We had tramped six miles and were dreading the walk home. Then we saw an Indian pony nibbling at the sparse grass. It lifted its head, gave us a questioning look and came toward us. I took off my petticoat, tore it in strips which we tied in a rope. One of us rode while another led—the gods had been kind to us too! When we released the pony at the school he went running back to his pasture.

Our next exploring trip wasn't just a jaunt by three women; we had an escort, Mr. Burnett, the farmer, and his constant companion, a big yellow dog.

We had heard rumors of a secret crack in the canyon wall through

Their perceptive faculties

181 are good, especially relative to simple
151 ideas and actions, or to the ludicrous.
153 They are capable of connecting words with any new idea which they comprehend, and are the most remarkably imitative human beings I ever saw, both by action and with the voice. They would repeat whole sentences, with marvelous truthfulness of sound, in Moqui, Zuñi, Navajo, Spanish, or English, and they manifested a universal passion for acquiring foreign tongues. All these characteristics, together with their striking powers of retention, were shown in the example following: One of them asked me to write the sentence, "Give it to me," in English, Ha-va-su-paí, and Zuñi. I wrote it, and carefully pronounced it in the three languages, showing him the order of the words. He ran over them a few times, and surprised me a day or two after not only by repeating every word correctly, but by pointing out the different sentences, and even words, which he pronounced. This seemed to argue an appreciation of form as well as of sound and its meaning; on attempting to copy any sentence, however, they would labor patiently, but present a scrawl in which not a mark could be detected that had the remotest resemblance to a single letter in the original.
●[212] They did not seem either to be very curious about my writing, or to have the slightest comprehension of it; but would watch and mimic the motions of my hand and pencil in writing, and even the expression of my mouth, then take the pencil, imitate all these things very closely, produce a meaningless scrawl, and gravely read off a ridiculous, usually obscene, rendering of it; seeking my [522] interpreter, and taking infinite pains to have their frivolities very carefully rendered to me in Zuñi.

281 They are skilled in manufacturing
461 and using implements, especially in producing raw material, like buckskin, for which they have universal celebrity from
ono the Colorado to the Rio Grande. The

1753
755 cards: visions of Queens and Jacks would appear to flash on and off the
822 patient's chest.

756 Occasionally a shaman wore eagle down feathers in his hair while
755 curing. These were tied at the back of the head and hung loosely. Shamans
301 also put feathers and white paint on the patient. The paint, white clay ob-
302 tained near the village, was applied in dots or lines in varying designs ac-
cording to the illness. No special garments or other ceremonial appurte-
nances were worn by either shaman or patient.

755 Shamans usually practiced alone, but four lay singers would some-
756 times assist. They did not know the words of the shamans' songs, but
[533] hummed the tune or rhythm. These assistants would participate only dur-
ing the first song, which was repeated four times. If a patient was consid-
ered very ill, however, the relatives might request an additional shaman to
sing. Once when our shaman informant was ill, he asked three other shamans,
including a Walapai, to sing for him. Parenthetically, he was not cured and,
according to him, his own spirit told him to consult an Anglo physician.
Shamans usually did not have the power to cure themselves or close relatives.

756 Our lay informants denied that females became shamans, although
[114] they reported one formerly among the Walapai. This is in agreement with
Spier (1928, 277) and Kroeber (1935, 185). Havasupais frequently had the
Walapai shamaness sing for them when they were visiting that area. How-
ever, our shaman informant knew of one elderly Havasupai woman who sang
over sick people. She did not effect cures by herself, but sang with male
shamans at their request.

Within the lifetimes of our informants no shamans had been killed for
failing to effect a cure. An aboriginal pattern for this seems clear, how-
ever. One shaman who lost a patient, and who was suspected of having used
a malevolent spirit, was hung by his neck from a mesquite tree while brush
piled under him was ignited.

● 242 It was thought that pictographs painted on cliff walls were done by
756 shamans with the intent to harm someone. Those in a rockshelter in Cat-
754 aract Canyon a few miles upstream from the village were considered es-
[172] pecially dangerous. [These are illustrated by Kliff (1954) and James (1911,
265). The site was a former Havasupai occupation shelter and has been
recorded in the archeological survey of the Museum of Northern Arizona as
NA 7306.] My lay informant who took me to it denied any knowledge of the
paintings. Our shaman informant believed that one individual who lost his
vision did so because he frequently passed by this point. [It should be
noted, however, that these pictographs are along the formerly heavily trav-
eled Topocoba trail to the plateau.]